Eng. Poetry vol 29.

THE TOTNESS ADDRESS, VERSIFIED.

To which is Annex'd,

The Original ADDRESS, as presented to His MAJESTY.

" *Look not askew at what it saith;*
" *There's no* Petition *in it---Faith!*

PRIOR.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for H. WHITRIDGE, at the *Royal-Exchange.* M.DCC.XXVII.

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"Look not aghast on Petitions—Read them!"

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THE TOTNESS ADDRESS, VERSIFIED.

AMong the many warm *Addreſſes*
Of *Mayors*, *Aldermen*, *Burgeſſes*,
And other People, truly Loyal,
(Who, now, their Zeal and Wits employ all,
To ſhew Your *Majeſty*, that They
Reſolve to *Do*, as well as *Say*.)
We, Men of TOTNESS, DEVON, beg
Our *Liege*, to let us make a *Leg*,
And eke a Speech to daunt our Foes,
Where-e'er the LONDON-GAZETTE goes.

Imprimis, Sir, in Strain moſt humble,
We'd have you know how much we grumble,

At

At GERMANY and SPAIN, who durſt
Unite — before they warn'd us firſt!
And might have (had we not found out
Their *Machinations*) brought about
A World of Woe to *You* and *Your Hope*,
To TOTNESS, BRITAIN, and to EUROPE.

Their Schemes, too black to be reveal'd,
And yet too true to be conceal'd,
Muſt ſtrike, with terrible Surprize,
All People, who have Ears and Eyes;
When 'tis but known they were intended
By *Princes*, we, ſo late, defended!
Princes, in whoſe *divided* Cauſe,
All *Chriſtendom* a Deluge was!
But, now *colleagu'd*, wou'd Matters jumble,
And Treaties topſy-turvy tumble!
Anticipate the Conflagration,
By ſetting Fire to every Nation!
Tho' we (*who made 'em*) go to Ruin ——
Did ever Mortals ſee ſuch Doing?

But vain are Menaces and Threats —
Forſooth, we know their former Feats;

And value, like ſo many Poſts,
Spaniſh Armada's, *German* Hosts!
Such ſcare-crow *Potentates* may vaunt,
But not your valiant *Britons* daunt.
Alas! their whimſical Chimeras
Can ne'er affright a *Land of Heroes!*
Eſpecially, ſince *You*, no doubt,
Have been at Pains to look ſharp out;
And, timely, taken ſuch wiſe Meaſures,
As will *enſure* our Lives and Treaſures.
Then, there's your *Parliament*, ſo able!
And *Miniſtry*, incomparable,
With Spirits, indefatigable!

But, moſt of all —— now Blood is up —— behold
Your Men of Devon, ever brave and bold!
Bleſs us! what *Heroes* has our *County* bred?
And how your *Royal Anceſtors* have ſped,
In like Conjunctures, by their gallant Aid?
We furniſh'd Drake, a Man of mighty Fame!
The Sons of Spain ſtill tremble at his Name!
A Raleigh, too, from *Devonſhire* proceeded ——
But him we claim not — for he was *beheaded!*
And, tho' the *Dorſet* Gentry make a *Fuſs*,
Churchill firſt breath'd the vital Air with *Us* ——

We mean great MARLBOROUGH, of immortal Story,
(HOCHSTEDT's a Witneſs of this HERO's Glory)
To whoſe ſole Arm the *Empire* Safety owes,
And its great *Head* his Victory o'er his Foes!
True; Theſe are *Duſt* —— But ſome remain alive,
Who to the *Devil* Your Enemies will drive.
WAGER and HOSIER! There's a *Brace of Tars!*
Each more than NEPTUNE, and at leaſt a MARS!
We warrant it, they'll make the *Spaniards* mind 'em,
And leave to Fiſhes many Feaſts behind 'em!
Beſides, our *Borough* to your *Senate* ſends,
A WILLS, among the braveſt of Your Friends!
He, Sir, ev'n He, who now *Preſents our Speech*,
Your Foreign Foes Fidelity will teach.
Lord, how he ſcourg'd rebellious Rogues, at PRESTON!
Ay, that's a Proof he's one, whom you may reſt on!
Take but *our Words*, and give him *Chief Command*,
OSTEND ſhall ſink, and GIBRALTAR ſhall ſtand.

But, leſt you think, Sir, this is *Rant*,
Nothing but *Bamm*, and empty *Cant*,
We, honeſt, hearty Cocks are willing,
Per Pound Land Tax to pay FOUR SHILLING;
Nay, with ſuch Cheerfulneſs allow it,
We'll toſs the other SIXTEEN to it;

Tho'

Tho' we ſhould mortgage Lands and Houſes,
And eke our Children and our Spouſes.
Moreover, we'll moſt frankly part
With all we have, with all our Heart,
Rather than let our *Faith's Defender*
Be bullied, by a baſe *Pretender* ——
A ſpurious, *Popiſh* Brat, abjur'd
By all of Loyalty aſſur'd!
If This we did in ſober Sadneſs,
What mayn't we do, when rouz'd to Madneſs?
We vow and ſwear, by Life's great Giver,
To fight him to our *longeſt Liver*;
And, when our *longeſt Liver*'s dead,
Our *Ghoſts* ſhall haunt Him, in our ſtead,
And fill his Coward-Soul with Dread!

This Reſolution we have taken,
That, warn'd, He may preſerve his Bacon;
Or ſhou'd he ever chance to win
A bloody Battle, and come in;
(Which Heav'n forbid ſhou'd ever be!)
Know, by theſe preſent Lines, that we
Aſſure him, he'll be *fairly bit*,
And, on your Throne, unkingly ſit;

When

When none is left for ſuch a TARTAR
To head, and hang, and draw, and quarter!

And now, Sir, to conclude our *Speech*,
And ſhew we *pray*, as well as *preach*,
We've clubb'd an *Hymn*, and cordial given
Our Cares, in humble *Staves*, to HEAVEN.

I.

" GOD proſper well our noble *King*,
" Our *Lives* and *Fortunes* all!
" May Peace, and Truth, and Wit, and Wealth,
" The BRITONS brave befall!

II.

" Late, very late, may our good *Liege*
" A *Heavenly Crown* obtain!
" And eke his Royal Houſe ne'er want
" A *Prince*, ſo fit to reign!

III.

" O may our Happineſs, ſo rare,
" To future Times go down!
" Let all the People ſay, *Amen!*
" *Amen*, ſays TOTNESS *Town!*

The Humble *ADDRESS* of the *Mayor*, *Aldermen*, *Burgeſſes*, &c. of the Town and Borough of *TOTNESS*, in the County of *Devon*.

To the KING's Moſt Excellent MAJESTY.

Moſt GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

WE, *Your Majeſty's moſt Dutiful and Loyal Subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, Burgeſſes, and Principal Inhabitants of the Town and Borough of* TOTNESS, *in the County of* Devon, *humbly beg Leave to approach Your Royal Preſence, to teſtify, on the preſent Juncture of Affairs, our utmoſt Deteſtation and Abhorrence of the clandeſtine Machinations and Confederacies, form'd by the Emperor of* Germany *and King of* Spain, *againſt Your Majeſty's Royal Perſon and Government, the Trade and Privileges of theſe Kingdoms, and the general Peace and Tranquillity of all* Europe.

Such deſtructive Schemes, too black *to be publickly own'd, and yet too* true *to be abſolutely deny'd, cannot but be Matter of the greateſt Surprize and Aſtoniſhment to the* preſent, *and all* future Ages, *that ſhall ſee or hear of them, and know, that the ſame were contriv'd by* two Princes, *in whoſe Quarrel all* Chriſten-

dom *hath already been* Deluged *in* Blood, *and* Exhauſted *of* Immenſe Treaſures; *and who,* in Return, *are now ſetting the World in* freſh Flames, *by an* Unnatural *joining of Hands, to raiſe an Exorbitant and Formidable Power in themſelves, with Views to Oppreſs and Injure their* quondam Allies, *and chief Inſtruments of ſetting them on their reſpective Thrones.*

But, alas! their vain, vaunting Menaces, and Threats of Spaniſh *Armadoes, and* German *Hoſts, are too* Chimerical *to* Affrighten *and* Terrify *your* Ever-Valiant *Britons: Eſpecially when we conſider the conſummate Wiſdom of Your* MAJESTY, *in contracting ſuch powerful Alliances, and taking ſuch early Precautions, for the Safety of Your People; the true* Britiſh *Zeal of Your* Glorious PARLIAMENT, *and the indefatigable Pains and Induſtry of Your* moſt Incomparable MINISTRY.

Or, when we call to Remembrance, how that our ſingle County *hath heretofore, in like critical Times, furniſhed Your Royal Predeceſſors with a* Renowned DRAKE, *whoſe Name the Sons of* Spain *ſtill Tremble to hear; and of later Years, with a* CHURCHILL *(the Immortal* MARLBOROUGH,) *to whom* Hochſtedt *witneſſeth, that all* Germany *owes its Preſervation, and the* Head *of it, his now Imperial Greatneſs; which* Heroes, *tho' now* Laid down in the Duſt, *Your Majeſty hath ſtill a* WAGER *and a* HOSIER, *whoſe gallant Actions,* we promiſe our ſelves, *will give the* Spaniards *equal Cauſe to remember them. And our Borough now ſends to Your Senate, a* WILLS; *who, as he has been the Scourge of* Perfidious Rebels *at* Home, *will,* we doubt not, *on Occaſion, with like Courage and Succeſs,* Vanquiſh *and* Confound *all Your Majeſty's* Faith-breaking *Enemies* Abroad.

The

The Four Shillings per *Pound Land-Tax, ſet on us by Your Parliament, is ſo far from making us anywiſe* Uneaſy, *that we ſhall not only pay it with the greateſt Chearfulneſs imaginable, but alſo readily add the other* SIXTEEN, *and* every thing elſe *that is* Dear *and* Valuable *to us, as a* Freewill-Offering *for the Publick Service, rather than that ſuch* Provoking Indignities, *and* Inſulting Threats, *ſhall ever be offered to Your moſt Sacred Majeſty, or the* Britiſh *Nation, on behalf of a* Spurious Popiſh Pretender, *whom, as* We, *and* All your Loyal Subjects, *have ſo* frequently *and* deliberately *abjured, we are reſolutely determined to oppoſe, to* the very laſt Breath *of the* longeſt Liver of us all, *that ſo, if ever, which Heavens forbid! he ſhould at laſt happen to ſucceed, there ſhall not then* remain *one Proteſtant* Briton left *for him to exerciſe his* Tyrannical Uſurpation *over.*

These, *may it pleaſe Your Majeſty, are our* Solemn Vows, *and* Unalterable Reſolutions; *and our moſt earneſt Prayers to the Almighty* King *of Kings, are, and conſtantly ſhall be, That long, very long and proſperous, may be Your Majeſty's Reign over us; and that, whenever it ſhall pleaſe God to take Your moſt Sacred Majeſty from this Your Earthly Crown to a Heavenly Diadem, Your Royal Houſe may never want a Prince, equal in* Virtue, Piety, *and* Magnanimity, *to ſit on the Throne of theſe Realms, by whom the many* Bleſſings *and* Unſpeakable Happineſſes *we now enjoy under Your Majeſty's* Moſt Glorious *and* Auſpicious Reign, *may be perpetuated to our Children and lateſt Poſterities.*

FINIS.

FINIS